

Cryogenic Comix

*18



Introduction:

Around 1986 I started drawing my adaptation of Shakespeare's MACBETH. This was shortly after I had finished a Morty/Hamlet entitled, TRAGEDY OF MORTY, PRINCE OF DENMARKE. That one had taken a year and half to draw (1983-1985) and came to almost 200 pages when complete. HAMLET was Shakespeare's longest play, so I thought covering MACBETH, his shortest, would be a breeze.

But I guess my heart just wasn't in it. Also, MACBETH is considered an incomplete play, the version we have today is actually an extended rough draft, or some scholars say. In any event, I didn't feel the chemistry in the writing, and dropped the project after 16 pages. Over the years I have aborted many stories, but never so deep into the project.

My "memory, the warder of the brain" is a bit rusty on this, but my little "tale told by an idiot" was to be published by none other than Tim Corrigan, the upstate New Yorker who was then and remains today a central figure in small press comix. By cutting the story short, I felt like I had let Tim down, and as a way of giving an apology offered him the original art. But Tim would have none of that, and sent my problem child back with warm regards.

Normally, the unfinished or unpublished stories of mine go right to the woodstove. But some reason, my wife Robin stashed MACMORTY away. It sat, forgotten, for over a decade until she went on a cleaning jag and found it along with the other drawings in this CRYOGENIC COMIX series.

So, before the 20th century comes to close, I'm printing up a few of these as an obscure curio.

ACT ONE SCENE ONE

WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN?
IN THUNDER, LIGHTNING, OR IN
PAIN?

WHEN THE HURLYBURLY'S DONE,
WHEN THE BATTLE'S LOST AND WON.

THAT WILL BE ERE
THE SET OF SUN.

WHERE THE PLACE?

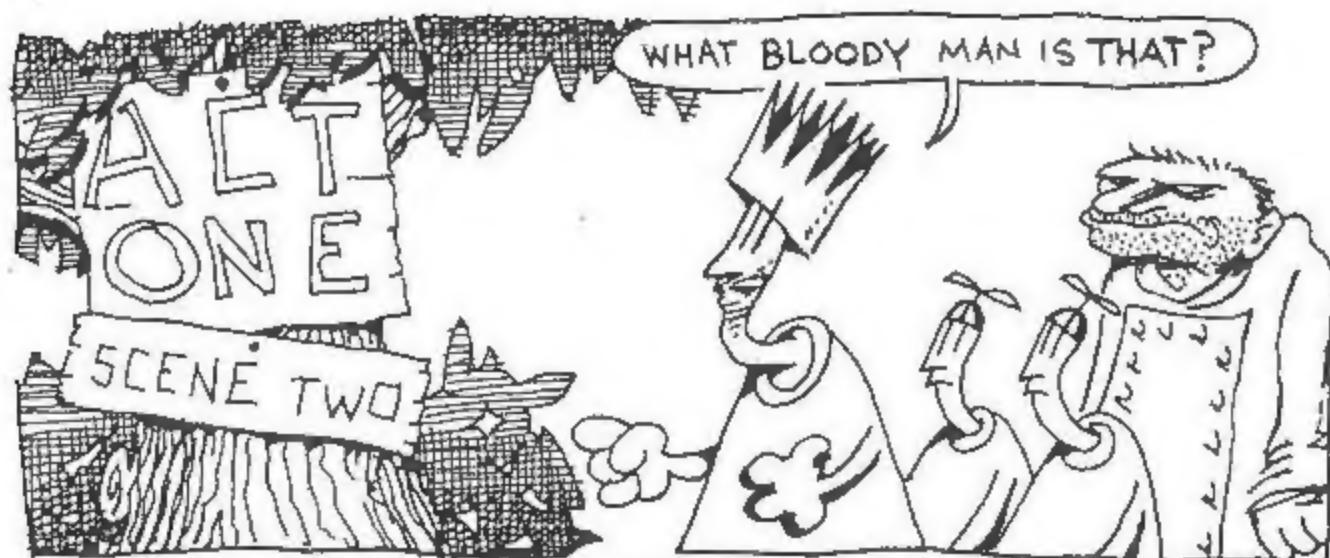
ON THE LOWER FORTY.

THERE TO MEET WITH MACMORTY.

I COME ... GRAYMALKIN!

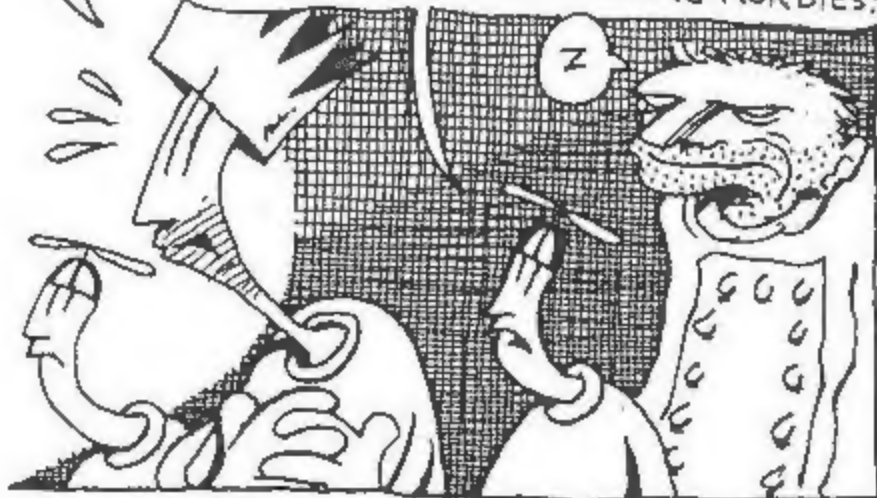
PADDOCK CALLS:—ANON—
FAIR IS FOUL, AND FOUL IS FAIR:
SLOG THROUGH THE FOG
AND FILTHY AIR!

RIBBIT!



HE CAN REPORT, AS SEEMETH BY HIS PLIGHT, OF THE REVOLT THE NEWEST STATE.

THIS IS THE SERGEANT WHO SAVED MY ASS FROM THE INVADING NORDIES!



HAIL, BRAVE FRIEND! JEEZ, YOU'RE A MESS! HOW GOES THE BATTLE?

DOUBTFULLY IT STOOD; AS TWO SPENT SWIMMERS THAT DO CLING TOGETHER AND CHOKE THEIR ART...

THE MERCILESS RONWALD McDONWALD - WHAT A CLOWN! - SOLD OUT TO THE NORDIES! HIS MULTIPLYING VILLANIES 'MOST NEARLY BROUGHT US CAUSE TO BITE THE BIG ONE!

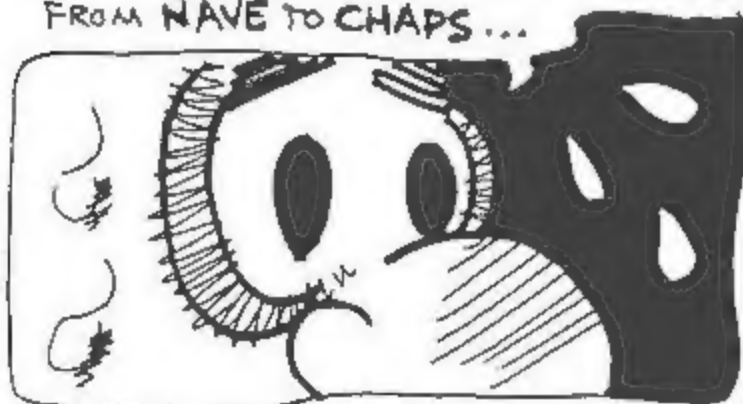


BUT BRAVE **MACMORTY** CARV'D
OUT HIS PASSAGE TILL HE FAC'D
THE CLOWN; AND HE NE'ER SHOOK
HANDS, NOR BADE FAREWELL TO
HIM, TILL HE **UNSEAMED** THE KNAVE
FROM **NAVE** TO **CHAPS**...

... AND FIXED HIS **HEAD**
UPON OUR **BATLEMENT**!

O **VALIANT** COUSIN!
O **WORTHY** GENTLEMAN!

BUT WAIT,
THERE'S MORE!



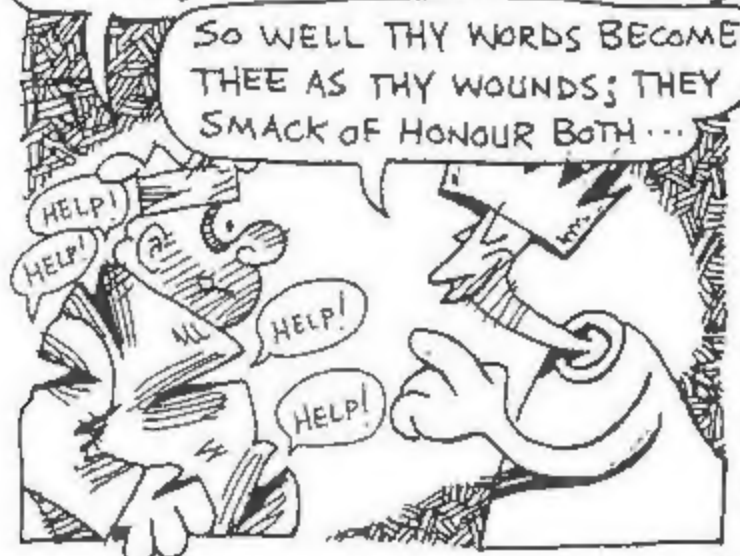
NO SOONER HAD THE KNAVE CHAP BEEN SPLIT FROM **NAVE** TO **CHAP**,
THAN A **NEW** ARMY OF **NORDIES** LAND IN OUR LAPS.

DISMAYED NOT THIS OUR CAPTAINS,
MACMORTY AND **ARNIE**?

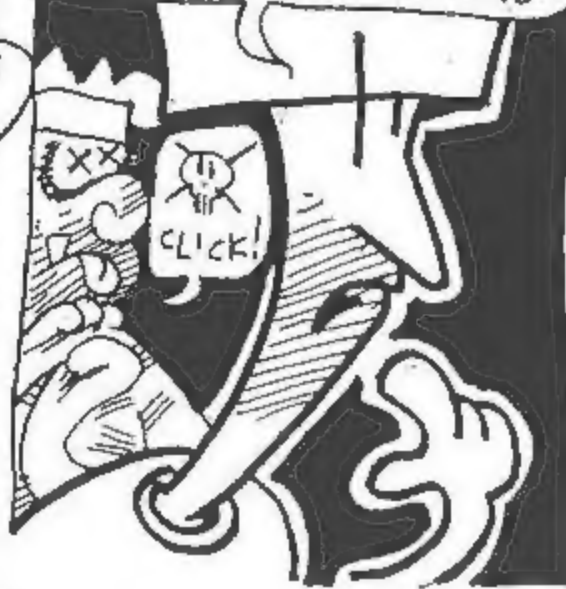


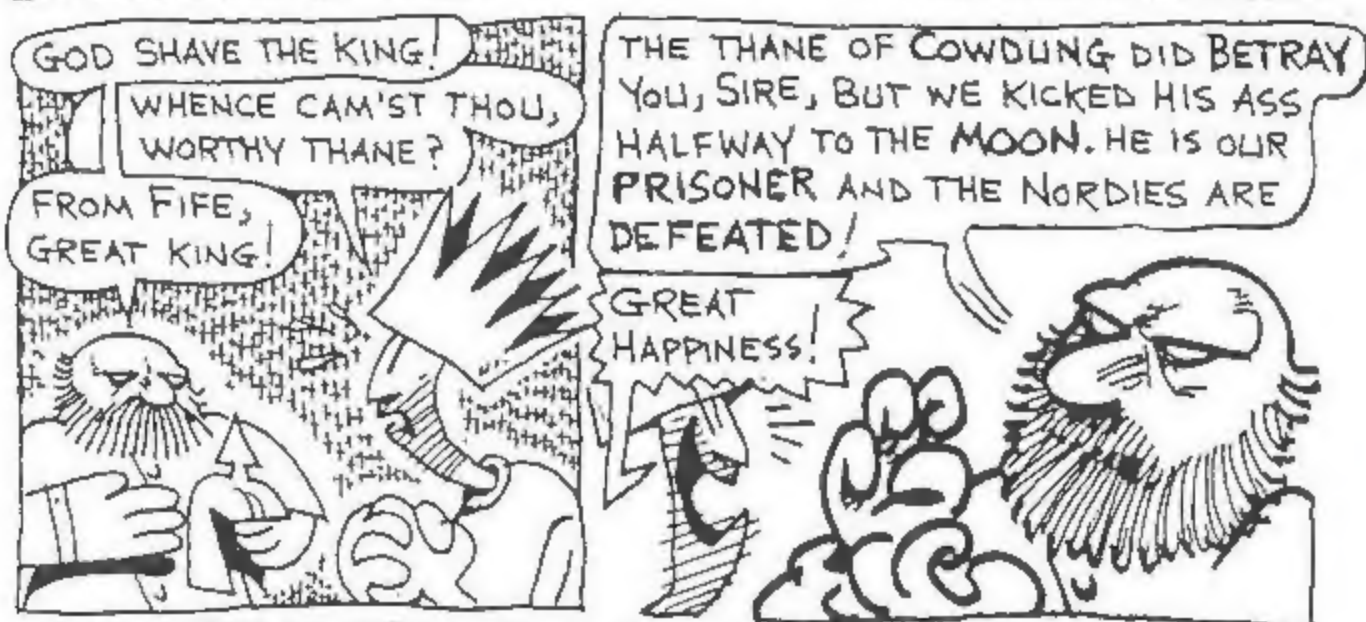
MY LIPS CAN YAP NO MORE. I AM
FAINT, MY GASHES CRY FOR HELP!

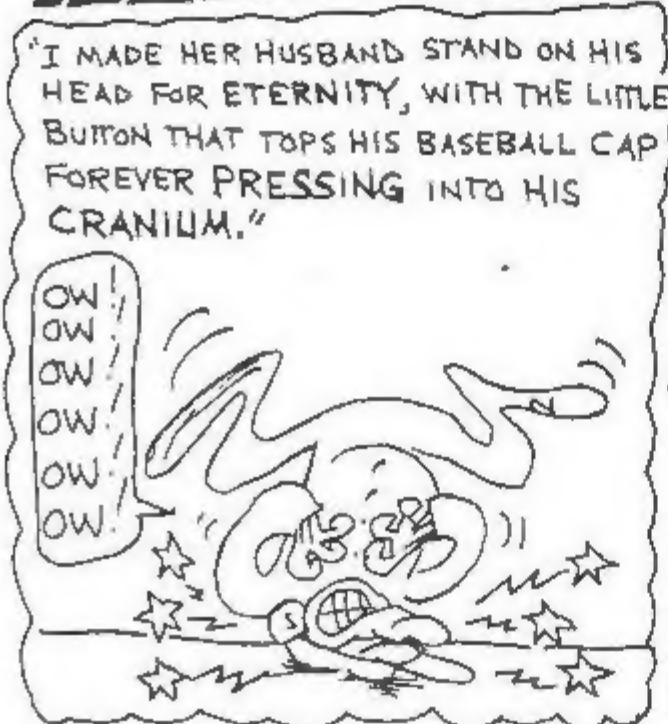
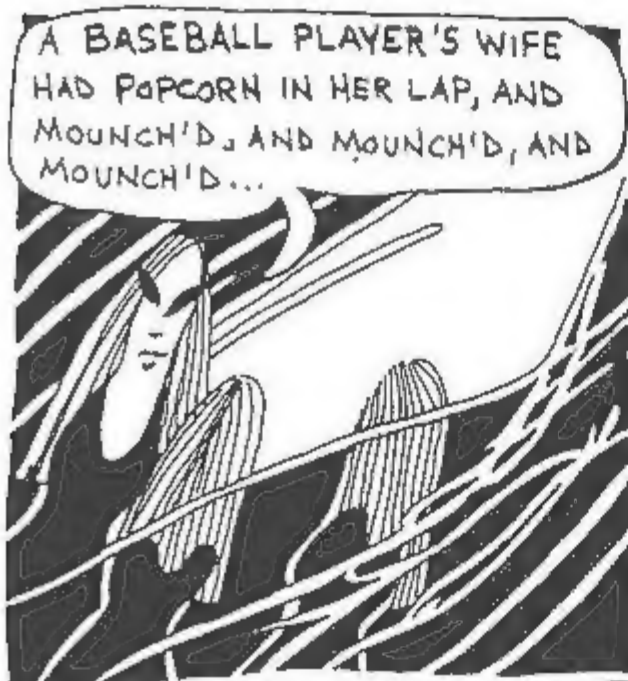
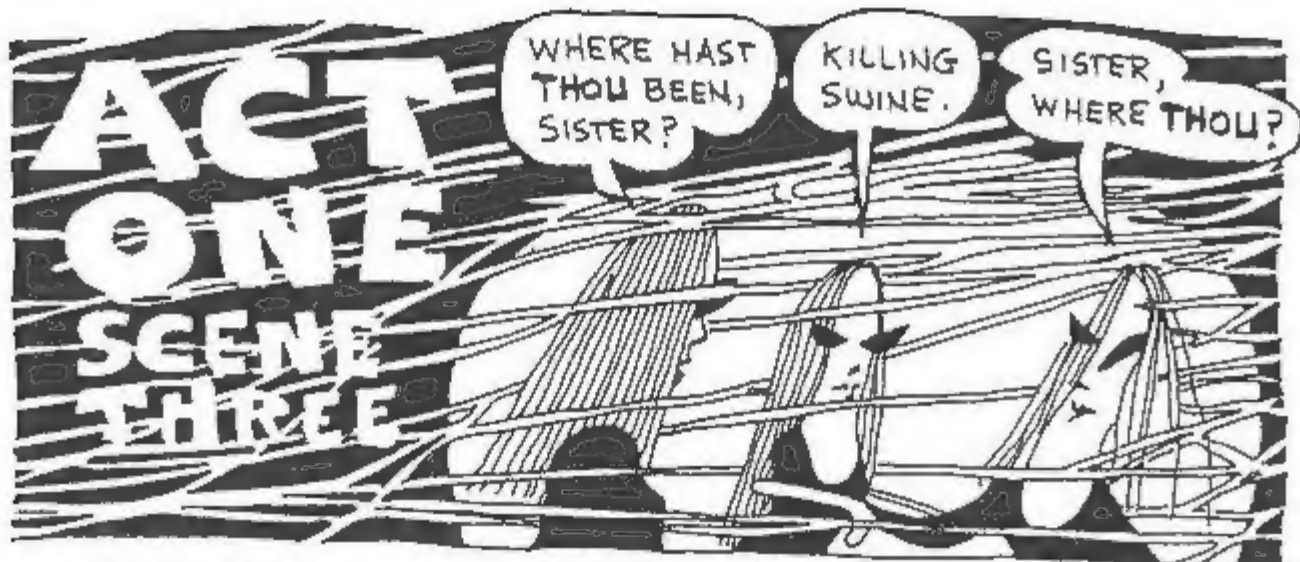
SO WELL THY WORDS BECOME
THEE AS THY WOUNDS; THEY
SMACK OF HONOUR BOTH...



GO, GET HIM **SURGEONS**...







THE WEIRD SISTERS, HAND IN HAND,
POSTERS OF THE SEA AND LAND,
THUS DO GO ABOUT, ABOUT:
SIX TO THINE, AND SIX TO MINE,
AND SIX AGAIN, TO BE DIVINE: —
PEACE! — THE CHARM'S WOUND UP!

SO FOUL AND FAIR A
DAY I HAVE NOT SEEN.

HOW MUCH LONGER TO—
HEY, MACMORTY, GET
A LOAD OF THAT!

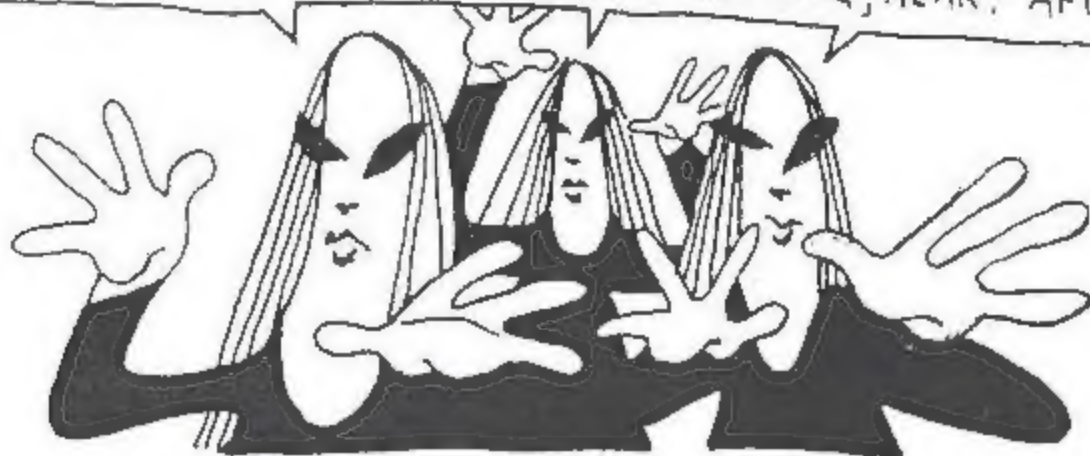


ARE THEY SHOOTING A B-GRADE
HORROR MOVIE, OR WHAT?!

SPEAK, IF YOU CAN; —
WHAT ARE YOU?



ALL HAIL, MACMORTY! HAIL TO THEE, THANE OF SHAMUS!
ALL HAIL, MACMORTY! HAIL TO THEE, THANE OF COWDUNG!
ALL HAIL, MACMORTY! THAT SHALT BE KING, HEAR? AFTER...



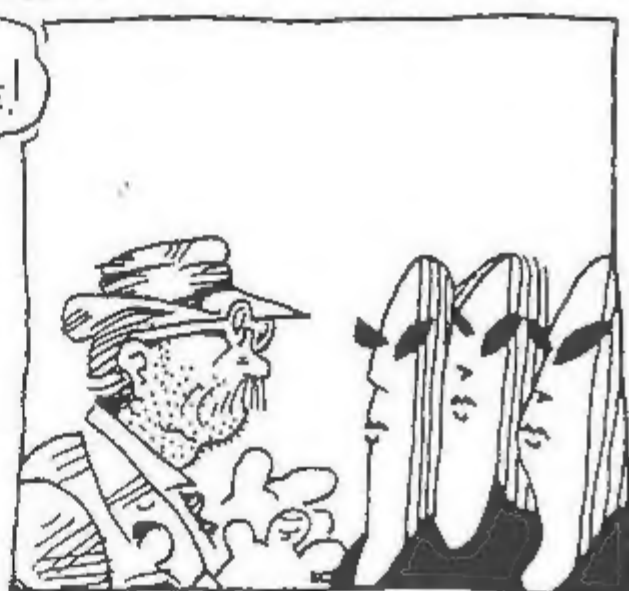
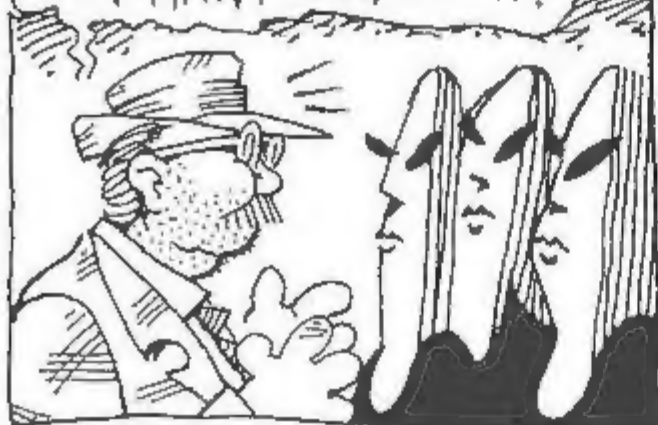
WHY SO SHOOK UP, PAL? SOUNDS
LIKE FAT CITY, NEXT EXIT, FOR
YOU! HAR HAR ...



LISTEN LADIES, THIS GUY IS
INDEED THE THANE OF SHAMUS,
BUT NOT THE THANE OF COWDUNG
AND CERTAINLY NOT KING, OR
EVER LIKELY TO BE. BUT YOUR
PREDICTIONS HAVE PUT BRICKS
IN HIS SHORTS.



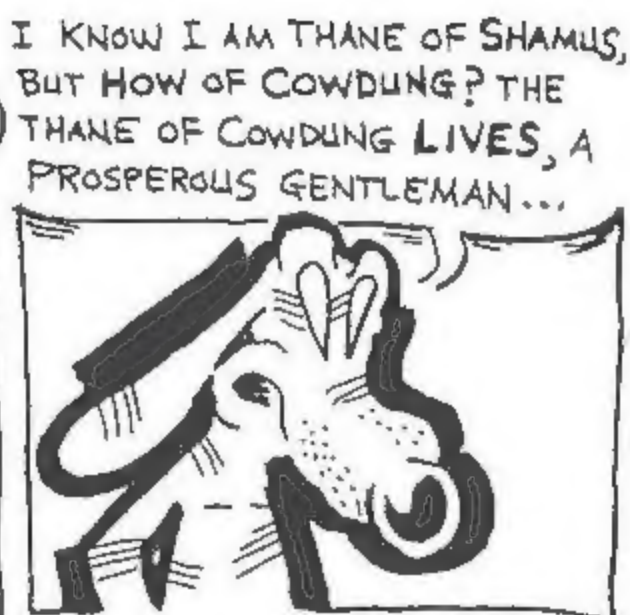
ME, I DON'T SWALLOW THIS JIVE. IT
DON'T MEAN A DAMN THANE TO ME!
HAW HAW! JOKE, GET IT?



HAIL! LESSER THAN MACMORTY, AND GREATER!
HAIL! NOT SO HAPPY, YET MUCH HAPPIER!

HAIL! THOU SHALT GET KINGS, THOUGH THOU BE NONE!





INTO THE AIR; AND WHAT SEEM'D
CORPORAL MELTED AS BREATH INTO
THE WIND — WOULD THEY HAD STAY'D!

MAYBE WE'VE BEEN CHUGGIN'
TOO MUCH "INSANE ROOT"
JUICE.

YOUR CHILDREN SHALL BE KINGS.

YOU SHALL BE KING.

AND THANE OF COWDUNG,
TOO; WENT IT NOT SO?

YEAH, AND I'M THE LOCH
NESS MONSTER / GET
REAL, MACMORT...

WHO'S HERE?

THE KING HATH HAPPILY RECEIVED, MACMORTY, THE
NEWS OF THY SUCCESS!

WE ARE SENT TO GIVE THEE, FROM OUR ROYAL
MASTER, THANKS.

THE KING BADE ME TO CALL THEE
THANE OF COWDUNG! HAIL, MOST
WORTHY THANE, FOR IT IS THINE!

SAY WHAT?!

THE THANE OF COWDUNG LIVES;
WHY DO YOU DRESS ME IN BORROWED
ROBES?

HE LIVES YET, BUT NOT
FOR LONG. TREASONS
CAPITAL, CONFESSED, AND
PROV'D, HAVE OVERTHROWN
HIM.

DO YOU NOT HOPE YOUR CHILDREN
SHALL BE KINGS, WHEN THOSE THAT
GAVE THE THANE OF COWDUNG TO ME
PROMIS'D NO LESS TO THEM?

I DON'T GET IT...

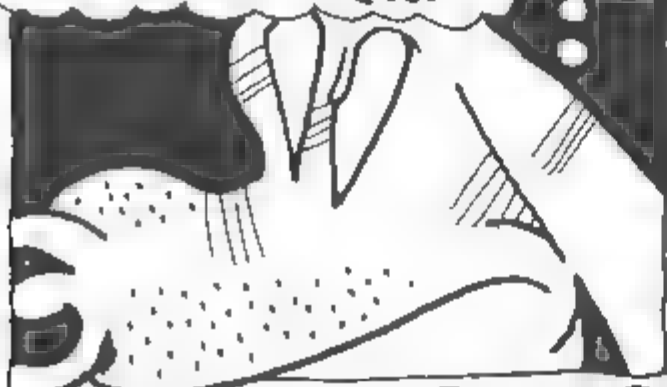


... AND I DON'T LIKE IT, MACMORT.
IT'S WEIRD! INSTRUMENTS OF
DARKNESS TELL US TRUTHS; WIN
US WITH CHEAP TRIFLES, TO
BETRAY US IN DEEPEST
CONSEQUENCE.

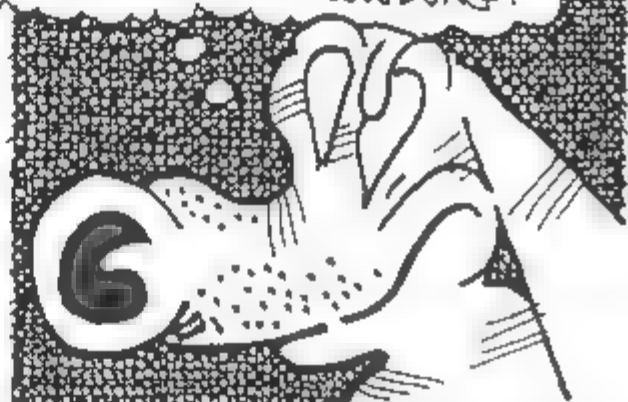
AHA! YOU MUST
BE SHOOK UP! YOU'RE
SPEAKING SHAKESPEARIAN
AT LAST!



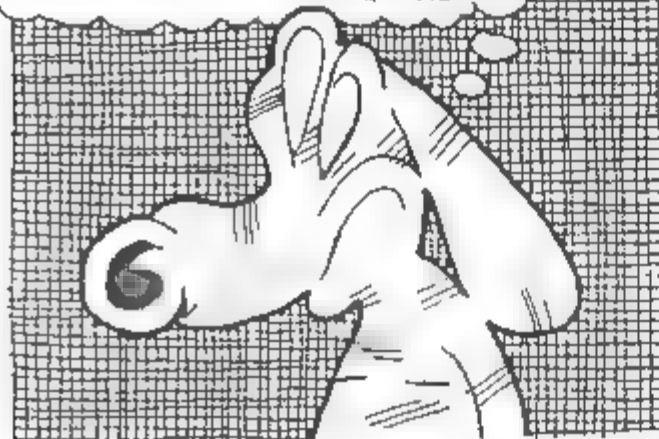
TWO TRUTHS ARE TOLD AS HAPPY
PROLOGUES TO THE SWELLING ACT OF
THE IMPERIAL THEME. THIS SUPER-
NATURAL SOLICITING CANNOT BE
ILL; CANNOT BE GOOD...



IF ILL, WHY HATH IT GIVEN ME
EARNEST OF SUCCESS,
COMMENCING IN A TRUTH? I
AM THANE OF COWDUNG.



IF GOOD, WHY DO I YIELD TO THAT
SUGGESTION WHOSE HORRID IMAGE
DOETH UNFIX MY HAIR AND EMPTY
MY BLADDER? HOW CAN I EVEN
THINK IT? IMAGINE...



...KILLING THE KING!?!/

LOOK HOW OUR
BUDDY'S RAPT.



IF FATE WILL HAVE ME KING, WHY,
FATE WILL CROWN ME, WITHOUT
MY STIR.

NEW HONOURS COME UPON HIM,
LIKE NEW JEANS, CLEAVE NOT
THEIR CREASE BUT WITH THE AID
OF USE.



COME WHAT COME MAY, TIME AND
THE HOUR RUNS THROUGH THE
ROUGHEST DAY

WORTHY MACMORTY,
WE STAY UPON YOUR
LEISURE.

GIVE ME YOUR FAVOR. MY DULL
BRAIN WAS ROT WITH THINGS
FORGOTTEN. LET US TOWARD
THE KING.



IS EXECUTION DONE ON CONDUNG? ARE NOT
THOSE IN COMMISSION YET RETURNED?

I DUNNO, DAD. BUT I HEARD
FROM A GUY WHO SAW HIM
DIE.

ACT
ONE
SCENE
FOUR



HE CONFESSED HIS TREASONS,
SAID HE WAS SORRY, AND STAYED
COOL UNTIL THEY CROAKED HIM.
HE MADE DYING LOOK AS EASY
AS TAKING OFF A HAT!



THERE'S NO ART TO FIND THE
MIND'S CONSTRUCTION IN THE
FACE. HE WAS A GENTLEMAN ON
WHOM I BUILT AN ABSOLUTE
TRUST.



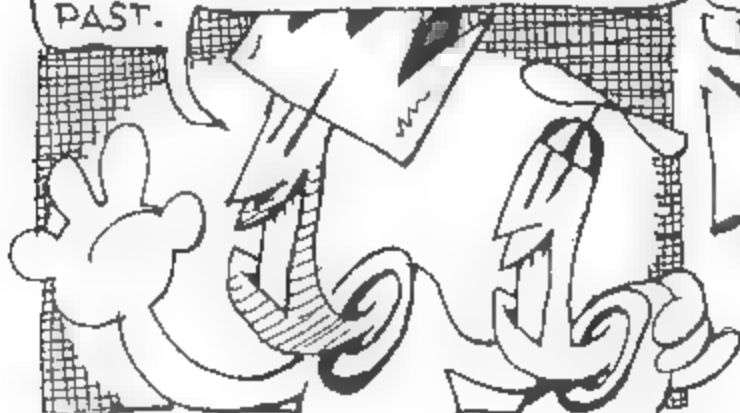
O WORTHIEST COUSIN!
I SLOBBER AT YOUR
BLOBBER AND GROVEL
AT YOUR GUT! HOW
CAN I **EVER** REPAY
YOUR BRAVE SERVICE
AND UNSELFISH LOYALTY?

THE SERVICE AND LOYALTY I OWE,
IN DOING IT, PAYS ITSELF.



AND NOW, FOR NO REASON WHAT-
SOEVER, I HEREBY ANNOINT MY
SON, MALCOLM, THE PRINCE OF
CIMBERSOME. NATURALLY, HE'LL
BECOME KING WHEN MY DAY IS
PAST.

BUT SIGNS OF NOBLENESS, LIKE
STARS, SHALL SHINE ON ALL
DESERVERS. FROM HENCE TO YOUR
CASTLE AT INFURNACE, FOR A
BIG CELEBRATION BASH!



THE REST IS LABOUR,
WHICH IS NOT US'D FOR YOU;
I'LL BE MYSELF THE HARBINGER,
AND MAKE JOYFUL THE HEARING
OF MY WIFE WITH YOUR APPROACH.
SO, HUMBL Y TAKE MY LEAVE.

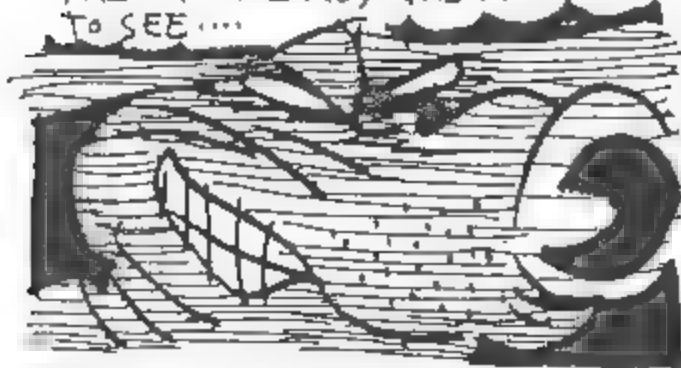


MY WORTHY
COWDUNG.

THAT LITTLE BRAT, MALCOLM, THE
PRINCE OF CUMBERSOME! THAT IS
A STEP ON WHICH I MUST FALL
DOWN, OR ELSE O'ER-LEAP, FOR
IN MY WAY IT LIES.



STARS, HIDE YOUR FIRES! LET
NOT LIGHT SEE MY BLACK AND
DEEP DESIRES. THE EYE WINK AT
THE HAND! YET LET THAT BE, WHICH
THE EYE FEARS, WHEN IT IS DONE,
TO SEE



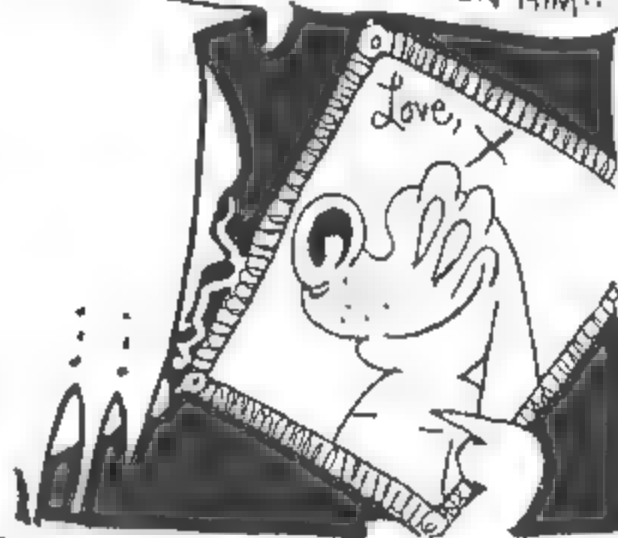
"WHEN I BURNED IN DESIRE TO
QUESTION THEM FURTHER, THEY MADE
THEMSELVES AIR, INTO WHICH THEY
VANISHED ..."



SHAMJS THOU ART, AND COWDUNG;
AND SHALT BE WHAT THOU ART
PROMIS'D!



YET DO I FEAR THY NATURE; IT IS
TOO FULL O' THE MILK OF HUMAN
KINDNESS TO CATCH THE NEAREST
WAY... I'LL HAVE TO LEAN ON HIM..



WHAT ARE YOUR TIDINGS?

THE KING COMES HERE
TO-NIGHT. OUR MASTER
MACMORTY IS SCARCELY
IN FRONT OF HIM.

GIVE MACMORTY TENDING, HE
BRINGS GREAT NEWS...



THE RAVEN HIMSELF IS HORSE THAT
CARRIES THE FATAL ENTRANCE
OF DUNCAN TO MY BATTLEMENTS.



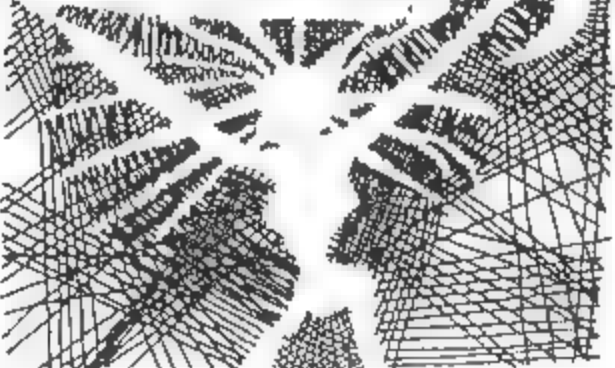
COME, YOU SPIRITS THAT TEND ON
MORTAL THOUGHTS, UNSEX ME
HERE; AND FILL ME, FROM THE
CROWN TO THE TOE, TOP FULL OF
DIREST CRUELTY!



MAKE THICK MY BLOOD, STOP UP
THE ACCESS AND PASSAGE TO
REMORSE, THAT NO COMPUNCTIONS
VISITINGS OF NATURE SHAKE MY
FELL PURPOSE, NOR KEEP PEACE
BETWEEN THE EFFECT AND IT!



COME TO MY WOMAN'S BREASTS,
AND TAKE MY MILK FOR GALL,
YOU MURDERING MINISTERS,
WHEREVER IN YOUR SIGHTLESS
SUBSTANCES YOU WAIT ON
NATURE'S MISCHIEF!



COME, SICK NIGHT, AND LIKE
FALL MALLS IN THE DUNNEST
SMOKE OF HELL, THAT MY KEEN
KNIFE SEE NOT THE WOUND
IT MAKES...



... NOR HEAVEN PEEP THROUGH THE
BLANKET OF THE DARK, TO CRY,
"HOLD! HOLD!"



HONEY,
I'M HOME!

KRIPES!
WHATA
DAY!

GREAT SHAMUS!
WORTHY COWDUNG!
GREATER THAN BOTH,
BY THE ALL-HAIL
HEREAFTER!



THY LETTERS HAVE TRANSPORTED ME
BEYOND THIS IGNORANT PRESENT,
AND I FEEL NOW THE FUTURE IN
THE INSTANT.



MY DEAREST LOVE,
DUNCAN COMES
HERE... TO-NIGHT.

AND WHEN GOES HENCE?

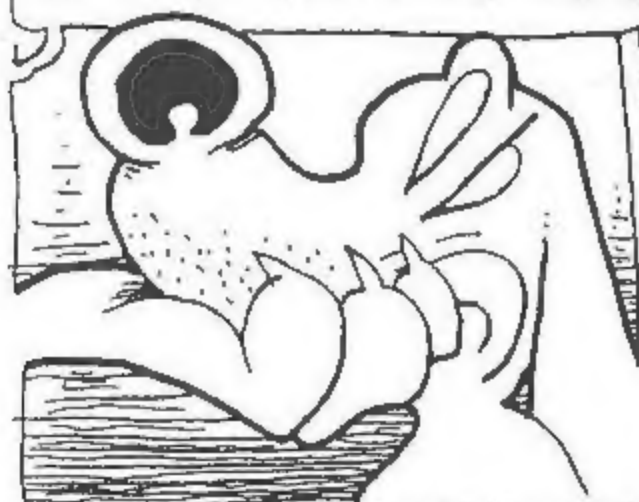
TO-MORROW, - AS HE
PURPOSES.



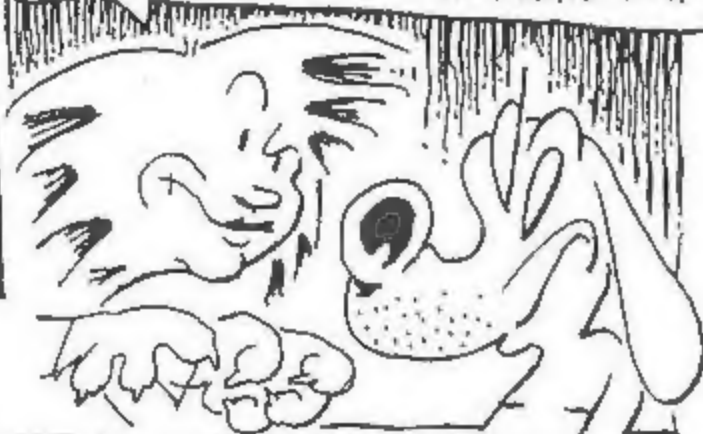
O, NEVER SHALL SUN THAT
MORROW SEE!



YOUR FACE, MY THANE, IS AS A
BOOK WHERE MEN MAY READ
STRANGE MATTERS: — TO BEQUILE
THE TIME, LOOK LIKE THE TIME...



...BEAR WELCOME IN YOUR EYE, YOUR
HAND, YOUR TONGUE: LOOK LIKE
THE INNOCENT FLOWER, BUT BE
THE SERPENT UNDER'T. HE THAT'S
COMING MUST BE PROVIDED FOR...



... AND YOU SHALL PUT THIS NIGHT'S
GREAT BUSINESS INTO MY DESPATCH;
WHICH SHALL TO ALL OUR NIGHTS AND
DAYS TO COME GIVE SOLELY SOVEREIGN
SWAY AND MASTERDOM...

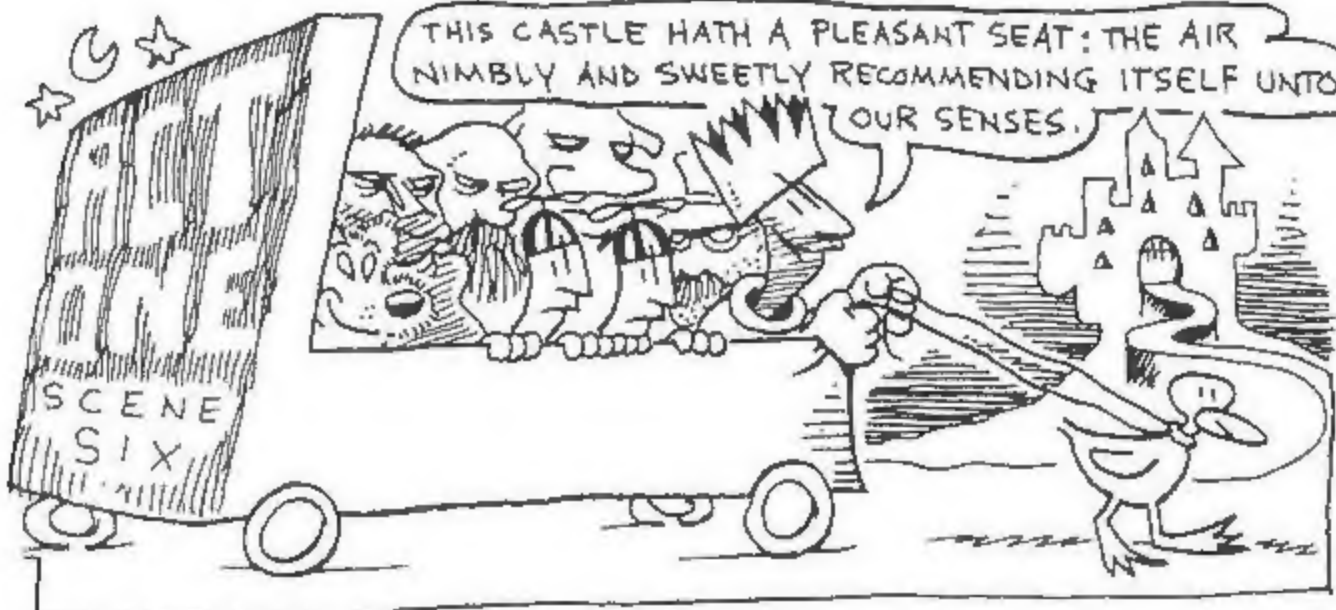


WE WILL SPEAK FURTHER.

ONLY LOOK UP CLEAR;
TO ALTER FATE EVER
IS TO FEAR. LEAVE
ALL THE WREST
TO ME.



THIS CASTLE HATH A PLEASANT SEAT: THE AIR
NIMBLY AND SWEETLY RECOMMENDING ITSELF UNTO
OUR SENSES.



Cryogenic Comix # 18

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